

## Shawn Colvin "Bonfields"

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All and all I guess that there's so many things  
That we don't say and it's  
What makes us sad I think sometimes  
That makes us close but I don't mind, I don't mind

In the alleys and the bonfields of Arkansas  
Past the piles of tyres and the  
Smell of hot tar you threw your papers  
In the rain under your hat you had a world, a world

There ain't no father  
There ain't no mother  
There ain't no sister  
Ain't got no brother  
Running to no one  
Running for cover

In the valleys and the twilight of Illinois  
Under the new moon I write in my book  
And I walk the streets where no one lives not even you  
but  
You don't mind, you don't mind

And all and all I guess that there's so many things  
That we don't say  
Today you think that I don't even like you  
But don't you know you are my world, my world

There ain't no father  
There ain't no mother  
I don't see my sister  
Ain't got no brothers  
Running to no one  
Left to each other

There ain't no father  
There ain't no mother  
I don't see my sister  
Ain't got no brothers

Running to Jesus  
Running to lovers

Running to strangers  
Running for cover  
Running to no one  
Left to each other

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